

The most lamentable Tragedie

Deme. Chiron thy yeeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.

Chiron. Demetrius, thou doost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou,

To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And pleade my passions for *Lauinias* loue.

Moore. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keepe the peace.

Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.

Deme. ? boy, grow yee so braue? *they draw.*

Aron. Why how now Lords?

So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes,
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the Court of *Rome*.
For shame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throate,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.

Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full resolute,

Foule

of Titus

Foule spoken Coward, that t
And with thy weapon nothin

Moore. Away I say.

Now by the Gods that warlik
This petty brabble will vndoe
Why Lords, and thinke you
It is to iet vpon a Princes righ
What is *Lauinia* then become
Or *Bastianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarre
Without controlement, iustic
Young Lords beware, and sh
This discords ground, the mu

Chiron. I care not I, knew
I loue *Lauinia* more then all th

Demetrius. Youngling lear
Lauinia is thine elder brothers

Moore. Why are ye mad?
How furious and impatient t
And cannot brooke competit
I tell you Lords, you doo but
By this deuise.

Chiron. *Aron*, A thousand
To atchiue her whom I loue.

Aron. To atchiue her how

Demetrius. Why makes th
Shee is a woman, therefore ma
Shee is a woman, therefore m
Shee is *Lauinia*, therefore mu
What man, more water glidet
Than wots the Miller of, and
Of a cut loose to steale a shiue
Though *Bastianus* be the Em
Better than he haue worne V